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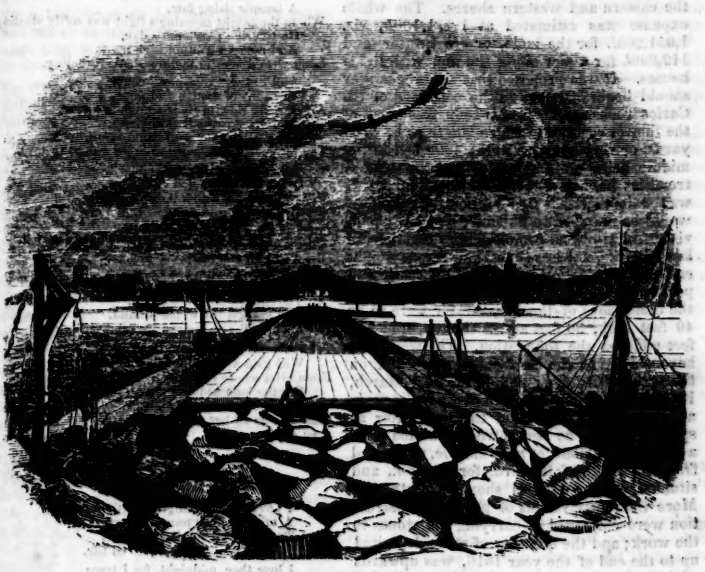

PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER.

THE port and harbour of Plymouth is distinguished for its great extent and capacity, and the security which it affords in its different parts; it is equally well adapted for merchant vessels, and for ships of war, and by the recent improvements, has now acquired a safe and commodious roadstead, so essential an accommodation to every naval rendezvous. It is capable of containing about two thousand sail of shipping, and is, altogether, one of the finest harbours in the world. It consists of several divisions, or harbours, which have received different names.

Sutton Pool, is that which immediately adjoins the town, being almost encircled by the buildings. The entrance is between two large piers, erected by parliamentary grants, in 1791–1799. It is surrounded by public and private quays, and all ships entering it, pay certain dues; it is chiefly frequented by merchant vessels. Its affairs are managed by a company, under which it has received important improvements. Catwater Harbour is an extensive sheet of water formed by the estuary of the Plym, and is capable of protecting from the south-west gales, which are prevalent, upwards of five hundred vessels. It is seldom entered by ships of war. The harbour, or bay of Hamoaze, is a magnificent basin, at the mouth of the Tamar, about four miles long, and half-a-mile wide; it is the harbour best adapted for ships of war, and here, accordingly, in time of peace, a very considerable part of the English navy is moored. It is fitted with moorings of large iron chains, for one hundred sail of the line; has good anchorage for a much greater number, and in water that carries its depth to the very quays of the dock-yard. At the mouth of these harbours, the great bay of Plymouth Sound forms an excellent roadstead, which is now rendered secure by the construction of the *breakwater* across its entrance. This stupendous work which has been going on for years, is undeniably the greatest of the kind ever undertaken in the kingdom. The exposed situation of the Sound, had been long and severely felt as an extreme inconvenience in the harbour, and it was at last determined to oppose, if possible, some barrier to the heavy swell which is here almost continually rolling in from the Atlantic. The plan at last adopted, with the advice of

the most experienced engineers, men of science, and naval officers, was, to construct at St. Carlos rocks, about three miles south of Plymouth, a mole, or vast heap of stones, in the middle of the Sound, stretching across its entrance, occupying nearly half of its width, and leaving a free passage for vessels, both on the eastern and western shores. The whole expense was estimated at 1,171,100*l.*, viz. 1,051,200*l.* for the mole, or breakwater, and 119,900*l.* for a pier along the top, with lighthouses. It was proposed that the breakwater should begin 360 feet on the eastward of St. Carlos rocks, and extend 1800 feet west of the Shovel rock! the whole length to be 1700 yards, or very nearly a mile; 4000 feet in the middle being quite straight, and the two extremities having a slope up the Sound. It was estimated that two million tons of stone would be required to finish it; and it was advised to heap them promiscuously together, in large blocks, not less than 1½ or 2 tons weight each, leaving them to find their own base and position. Where the water was 30 feet deep, the dimensions of the breakwater were to be 40 feet high, 30 feet across the top, and 210 feet wide at the foundation. The work was begun in 1812; the first stone was sunk on the 12th of August; and on the 31st March, 1813, the building began to make its appearance above the surface of the low water at spring-tides. The stones were quarried from a rock of lime-stone, or grey marble, purchased from the Duke of Bedford, for 10,000*l.*, and situated on the eastern shore of Catwater. More than fifty vessels of peculiar construction were employed in carrying the stones to the work; and the quantity of stone deposited up to the end of the year 1816, was upwards of 100,000 tons, 12,000 of which were five tons and upwards each. The part of the breakwater above the level of low water spring-tides, was then 1100 yards, of which 360 feet were completely finished, to the height of three feet above the level of the highest spring-tides. On the whole, this splendid work has been conducted with great skill and surprising despatch, and the result has fully answered the expectation of its projectors. At the end of the second year, the swell was so much broken, that ships of all sizes ran in, and anchored with confidence behind the breakwater. Since that time, two hundred sail of vessels of every description have here found shelter, and twenty-five or thirty sail of the line may now ride here at all times, in security. The only damage which this natural monument has received, was during the dreadful gale in the night of the 24th of November, 1824, when it was found that a considerable fissure had taken place near the eastern end.

Before the Breakwater was erected at Plymouth, ships sought the more distant anchorage of Torbay, as a safer station; but even this bay bore so bad a character among naval officers, that Lord Howe used to say it would one day be the grave of the British Fleet.

THE POOR WIDOW.

[For the Mirror.

"And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing."—*St. Mark*, ch. xii., v. 42.

I saw through ambient air,
A temple rising fair,
Where the bright morning's light was softly stealing,
On the rich pavement's dye,
And many a column high;
Long vista'd isles in mellow shade revealing.

And to the "treasury" came
The sons of wealth and fame,
And largely they of their abundance gave,
And proudly dealt they there,
The wealth they well could spare,
The burdened conscience from its weight to save.

And who was she?—the meek,—
With sorrow's faded cheek,
The widow lone, who humbly gave her all;
Unnoticed, and unknown,
Save to the worldling's frown,
Yet lives her name, when states and empires fall.

And still shall live.—Unseen—
The form Divine had been,
Over against the treasury reclining,
The inward motive scann'd,
And mark'd the widow's hand,
Bestow her all—on heaven her soul relying!

Oh! not the outward deed
Will gain approval's meed,
From Him whose eyes the secret thoughts discern;
For the lone widow's mite,
Was glorious in His sight,
Who bids us all her self-denial learn.

Kirton Lindsey. ANNE R—.

MIDNIGHT.

I love thee, midnight, for thou art
A mirror of the pure in heart,
To me by far the happier part
Of life.

I love thee, midnight, for I trace
No withering care upon thy face:
To me thou seem'st a resting-place
For sorrow.

I love thy aspect—glowing—yet
So mild, so fair, as heaven had set
Its smiles upon thee, which beget
A holy calm,—

To watch the dark and sweeping storm
Rise o'er thy pale and shadowy form,
And with a demon's hand deform
Thy loveliness.

Thy milder mood is like the sleep
That o'er our peaceful childhoods creep,
Pure—lovely—undisturbed, and deep,
Its slumber.

Thy sterner face—what mortal pen
Can image forth its terrors, when
Rock—cavern—tower, return again
Thy thunders!

L.

"The bitter sweets, and pleasing pains of Love."
Virgil.

How sweet, how sad, the joys of love,
How fleeting, yet how dear;
We weep when they are far away,
And tremble when they're near.

Yes—tremblingly we blush and sigh,
And soft emotions feel:—
Yet doom'd the wretched fate to bear,
To love—and still conceal.

ELISA.

THE FLOWER-WOMAN OF PARIS;

OR, FLORAL HISTORIES.

"Non semper idem floribus est honos
Vernis." *Horace.*

The flowers of spring are not always brilliant.

Such is the sense of this line from Horace, which might be translated thus: All persons do not attach the same value to flowers. I have seen the time, when to purchase a bouquet, was, to me, a matter of the highest importance; I found it a source of such delightful ideas, such flattering promises, and such sweet rewards. I was an excellent customer, during the whole year, to the flower-girls; they were always sure of seeing me on certain holidays, particularly days of mourning.

I never liked the ancient custom of wearing bouquets at the side, having one half of a fine bosom hidden under a collection of flowers, put together without choice, and disposed without grace. These bouquets of etiquette are not now in use, except at the three solemnities, marriage, baptism, and the *guête a l'église*. It is fashionable now at the promenade, the theatre, and in riding, to carry in the hand, a bouquet of roses, heliotrope, violets, or pinks; (the only flowers whose perfume is in harmony with the nerves of our ladies, who are becoming every day more irritable.)

The *fête* of Saint Claude caused me to go last Saturday to the house of the flower-woman in the *Feydeau* road, who is one of my oldest acquaintances. She was not more than fifteen, when I first knew her in the gallery of the theatre of Audinot, where she served her apprenticeship as a flower-girl. At that time, little Mary was as fresh and blooming as her flowers; but, alas! how many singular changes forty years produce in the human figure! I never visited good Madame Bernard without conversing with her of the past, and sometimes of the present, which she understood, in many respects, much better than myself. One day, while we were conversing, I remarked the particular attention which she paid to the composing of a bouquet according to some directions given in a note, which she consulted almost every moment, and which I presumed was a question of vegetable hieroglyphics. "In our time," said she to me, "we never thought of talking in flowers; a hyacinth, a rose, or a pink, said nothing, or, at least, all said the same thing; but, at the present day, every flower is a letter, a thought, or a feeling; and such is the energy of this language, that, by putting that *auricula* in place of this *pied d'Alouette*, I should be certain of destroying the person for whom this bouquet is intended. I did not think proper to enter into a learned dissertation with Madame Bernard, upon the origin of this language of flowers; I preferred rather to profit by the willingness which she manifested to instruct me, in questioning her with regard to the different persons who presented themselves successively before her counter.

I remarked at first, three children, uniformly dressed and conducted by a governess, whose anxiety for them had something of the tenderness of a mother. They came to provide themselves with bouquets for their grandpapa's birth-day, and each one had a little bouquet of *pensées* and *immortelle* handed to them. It was in vain the little urchins demanded fairer flowers: the governess told them that Monsieur the Abbé (who was probably their preceptor) had said they must have no others. I learned from Madame Bernard, that these children were the grandsons of Mr. R——, a notary, and that they belonged to one of those families which are more numerous in Paris, than people generally suppose, whose manners and virtues are hereditary, and where the patriarchal habits are preserved with great religious respect, from one generation to another.

A moment after, I saw a very neat and civil *femme de chambre* arrive, whose grace and gentility, perhaps, I examined with too much complaisance. She wore a boddice dress of striped muslin, with an apron of the finest cambric, of dazzling whiteness. There was much art and coquetry in the arrangement of a lace hat, surmounted by a Madras handkerchief, which composed her coiffure, and even in her pretty white-cotton stockings, and the little black prunella slippers which she wore. This lively little *soubrette* came to make her daily provision of flowers for her mistress's boudoir. I was endeavouring to ascertain the rank of this lady, by listening to a lively description which the *soubrette* gave Madame Bernard "of this boudoir of mirrors, with its couch of blue levantine, trimmed with black fringe, where the double curtains of muslin and lutestring, scarcely allowed the daylight to penetrate;" and had not decided, when the girl, after having filled a large basket with bunches of roses, pinks, and orange-flowers, went out, saying to the flower-woman, with a satirical smile, "Monsieur will pay you."

Madame Bernard was giving me some details with regard to the *soubrette*, the lady, and the Monsieur, whose credit seemed to be so well established with her, when we were interrupted by the entrance of a fine young man of melancholy appearance, who selected a few flowers and departed,—throwing a piece of money upon the counter. "Every day," said the flower-woman to me, after he had departed, in answer to my question, "this young man comes here, to compose a message to his lady-love. To-day, for example, his bouquet of *narcisses, réséda*, and *anémones*, indicate a violent fit of jealousy, and threaten a rupture with the lady of his love, whose name I will not mention, because, I make it a practice never to reveal the names of any persons who are concerned in these intrigues. She will carry her answer to him this evening in her straw hat, in the great walk of the *Tuile-*

ries; and, it is probable she will exculpate herself by a tuft of *bluets*, unless she resolves to break up a connexion, which does not render either of them happy.

To this young man, succeeded one of those veterans of gallantry, of whom Portier offers so perfect a copy, at the Theatre of Varieties. This old beau retains at fifty, the manners, tastes, and habits, which men scarcely retain till thirty. He employed, or rather wasted his mornings, entirely at the toilets of some women, whose commissions he executed, without considering the motives which led them to admit him, every evening, into their apartments, and to take, by preference, his arm in going to the theatre. Madame Bernard was a gainer, however, by his weaknesses; it was for him that the first violets were plucked, and the scarce-opened roses were culled; but she made him pay dearly for these tastes of his eternal youth.

Entirely occupied with this sexagenary Lovelace, I had scarcely noticed a middle-aged man of simple and negligent appearance, who had entered and departed without saying a word, after having paid for a bunch of heliotrope, which Madame Bernard handed him, without his asking for it. "Take particular notice of that man," said she, "he is unique, not only as a painter—for which his talents are very distinguished—but as a husband. Nearly eleven years ago, he lost a wife whom he adored, and since that time, he has never failed—the sixth day of every month, (the day of the death of his wife) to carry to her tomb, a bouquet of the flowers which she most loved." I needed to be convinced of this fact which Madame Bernard had assured me of, for I can more easily believe in the excess of grief, than in its duration. I have seen men die of grief in fifteen days, but I have seen very few weep for the same object, ten years after its loss.

I was preparing to quit Madame Bernard, when a young author arrived; he came to order bouquets for two actresses, who were to perform that evening, in a new play of his. By his air of assurance, and the difficulty he had in finding anything sufficiently fine for these ladies, I saw plainly that he was very content with himself, and that he had a very good opinion of his work. The flower-woman, who knew him, asked him in jest, if it was necessary for her to prepare the bouquets which the boys of the theatre are in the habit of offering to the authors the morning after the success of their play: he modestly replied, that he could not answer that question, but that his play was as likely to fail, at the first representations, as the *Misanthrope*. The journals of the next morning apprised me that the *chef-d'œuvre* of this modest author, had truly shared the fate of that of Molière; but it is to be feared, that he will not rise so victoriously from his downfall.

TWO MOST EXTRAORDINARY DREAMS.

THE coincidence subsisting between the two following narratives, relative to occurrences which took place at an interval of nearly two thousand years, will, doubtless, excite the interest of our readers. We have inserted in vols. xxxiii. and xxxiv., certain anecdotes from Dr. Abercrombie's work on the Intellectual Powers,—but the very peculiar feature of the two instances now about to be detailed is, the exactness of resemblance in those points, where each displays the sure justice of the Almighty in every age of the world, and under every dispensation, pursuing the wicked to overthrow them. The first dream has been handed down to us in the writings of Cicero, (De Divinatione, Lib. i., de Somniis,) who died forty-three years before the birth of Christ. The second is as recent as the year of our Lord, 1804, or thereabouts.

1. (Duo quidam Arcades, &c.) Two natives of Arcadia, intimate friends, were on a journey together, and halted for the night at Megara. One of them went to lodge at the house of an acquaintance; the other took up his quarters at an inn. Having each of them partaken of an evening meal, they retired to rest,—but the one who was accommodated as a guest at the private dwelling-house, had not slept many hours before he saw in his dream the companion of his journey, and heard him imploring earnestly that he would come to his assistance and rescue him from being murdered by the landlord of the inn, who had contrived a plot against his life. Awaking in terror, he started from his bed; but on collecting himself, he felt it was but a dream of fancy, and turned over to sleep again. He dreamed again, but now it was to behold, in like vision, his companion again a suppliant,—beseeching him, that though he had refused to lend timely aid while he was alive, and in peril of assassination, he would now, at any rate, avenge his death;—for that the landlord had murdered him,—thrown his body into a cart, and covered it with litter and dung. His prayer was, that he would be sure to present himself at the inn-yard gate before the said cart moved off into the streets of the town. Agitated exceedingly by this remarkable dream, he rose at early dawn, and went straight to the premises, and found a rustic standing with a loaded cart at the inn-door. Upon his questioning the fellow as to what he had got there in the cart, he took to his heels with all speed, as one panic-struck, and overwhelmed with affright. The vision had revealed the whole truth—for the dead body was forthwith drawn out from beneath the manure in the cart; and the keeper of the inn, on the affair being made public, and inquisition held, was executed for the murder.

2. The Rev. P—r—g, vicar of a Parish which is now a component part of London, though, about six-and-thirty years since, it

bore the appearance of a village at the outskirts, had to encounter the sad affliction of losing his elder son, at an age when parents are encouraged to believe their children are to become their survivors; the poor youth dying in his seventeenth year. He was sepultured in the vaults of the church. Two nights subsequently to that interment the father dreamed that he saw his son habited in a shroud spotted with blood, the expression of his countenance being that of a person enduring some paroxysm of acute pain: "Father, father!—come and defend me!" were the words he distinctly heard, as he gazed on this awe-inspiring apparition: "They will not let me rest quiet in my coffin." The venerable man awoke in terror and trembling,—but after a brief interval of painful reflection, concluded himself to be labouring under the influence of his sad day-thoughts, and the depression of past sufferings,—and with these rational assurances, commended himself to the All-Merciful, and slumbered again, and slept. He saw his son again,—beseeching him to protect his remains from outrage, "for," said the apparently reviving dead one, "they are mangling my body at this moment." The unhappy father rose at once,—being now unable to banish the fearful image from his mind, and determining, when day should dawn, to satisfy himself as to the delusiveness or verity of the revelation, conveyed through this seeming voice from the grave. At an early hour, accordingly, he repaired to the clerk's house, where the keys of the church and of the vaults were kept. The clerk, after considerable delay, came down stairs, saying it was very unfortunate he should want them just on that very day, as his son, over the way, had taken them to the smith's for repair,—one of the largest of the bunch of keys having been broken off short in the main door of the vault,—so as to render it impracticable for any body to enter, till the lock had been picked and taken off. Impelled by the worst misgivings, the vicar loudly insisted on the clerk's instantly accompanying him to the blacksmith's,—not for a key, but for a crow-bar,—it being his resolute determination to enter the vault and see his son's coffin, without another moment's delay. The recollections of the dream were now becoming more and more vivid, and the scrutiny about to be made assumed a solemnity mingled, with awe, which the agitation of the father rendered terrible to the agents, in this forcible irruption into the resting-place of the dead. But the hinges were speedily wrenched asunder,—the bar, the bolts, were beaten in and bent beneath the heavy hammer of the smith,—and, at length, with tottering step and outstretched hands, the maddened parent stumbled, and fell:—his son's coffin had been lifted from the recess at the vault side, and deposited on the brick floor;—the lid, released from every screw, lay loose at top—and the body, enveloped in its shroud, on which were several dark spots, below the chin,—lay exposed to view,—the head had been raised,—the broad ribband had been removed from under the jaw which now hung down with most ghastly horror of expression, as if to tell with more terrific certainty, the truth of the preceding night's vision:—*every tooth in the head had been drawn!*

The young man had, when living, a beautiful set of sound teeth;—the clerk's son, who was a barber, cupper, and dentist, had possessed himself of the keys, and eventually of the teeth,—for the purposes of profitable employment of so excellent a set, in his line of business. The feelings of the Rev. Mr. P—— may be more easily conceived than described. The event affected his mind through the remaining term of his existence; but what became of the delinquent, whose sacrilegious hand had thus rifled the tomb, was never afterwards correctly ascertained. He decamped the same day, and was supposed to have enlisted as a soldier. The clerk was ignominiously displaced, and did not long survive the transaction: his house was pulled down about thirteen years since, to afford room for extensive improvements and new buildings.

As regards the occurrence itself, few persons were apprized of it, as the vicar, shunning public talk and excitement on the subject of any members of his much-respected family, exerted himself in concealing the circumstances as much as possible;—but our correspondent was intimately acquainted with the particulars of the event from first to last. The similarity of the two dreams cannot fail, as we observed at the outset, to strike every one. It illustrates the power and providence of Him, who is the same *Yesterday, To-Day, and For Ever.*

HENRY THE EIGHTH'S ENCOURAGEMENT OF OUR NAVY.

It is the peculiar glory of Henry the Eighth of England, that he may be styled the founder of the Royal Navy, by the appointment of a Board of Commissioners of the Navy—by erecting store-houses for all manner of naval stores—and making yards and docks at Woolwich and Deptford for building and equipping ships of war. In his reign, also, Trinity-house, at Deptford was instituted, and similar fraternities at Hull, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for the inspection and examination of pilots, beacons, light-houses, and buoys, to prevent shipwrecks. He likewise cleared the seas of pirates, made commercial treaties with the other powers to benefit his own subjects. He repaired several harbours, such as Scarborough and Southampton, and erected forts at the entrance of several of the mouths of the small rivers. To all this he added, the deepening smaller rivers, and rendering them more navigable.

EXCURSION TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

AUGUST, MDCCCXXXIX.

By W. S. L.

HAVING long had a great desire to visit the romantic scenery of the Isle of Wight, I quitted London for that purpose on Saturday evening, August 25th, in the Portsmouth coach, which left the Elephant and Castle about six o'clock, and arrived at Portsmouth the following morning about seven. After taking my breakfast, I crossed to Ryde in a steam-packet, the distance to which is about five miles. On the right was Gosport and Porchester Castle, and, looking towards the left, several men of war, at Spithead; also the vessels and apparatus for the purpose of blowing up the wreck of the "Royal George," which were placed over the spot where she sunk.

Ryde presents an extremely interesting view from the sea; we landed at its handsome pier, which extends a very considerable distance from the shore into the sea; the town is improving rapidly, scrupulously neat and clean, and contains some elegant houses, shops, hotels, and other buildings. After again passing several charming spots, abounding with delightful scenery, I reached Brading, a neat village, containing what is supposed to be, the oldest church in England, and it is a singular-looking edifice, both externally and internally. Next, strolling about half a mile to the left, I came to Brading harbour, a fine expanse of water, but which, I am told, is at low-water nearly dry. Continuing my walk to Sandown, I crossed towards the beach, and from Sandown Bay, obtained a delightful view; on the left were the Culvers, tremendous chalk cliffs, extending a considerable distance along the shore; towards the right, the rock and cliffs of Shanklin and Luccombe reared their high and rugged heads in sublime grandeur: resuming my walk along the beach, I reached Shanklin "Chine," a kind of parting or separation of the range of cliffs. About half way up the Chine, which is ascended with some little difficulty, is situated the Chine Inn, the view from which is grand in the extreme; at the foot of the Chine, is the cottage of a fisherman, whose wife generally acts as guide, to conduct visitors up the Chine, to the waterfall. I bought a few interesting fossils of her, and was conducted by her through fissures and chasms till I at length reached the waterfall, hurling its limpid streams to fearful depths below.

Continuing my journey, I strolled about a mile and a half along the beach to Luccombe; the contemplation of the sublime scenery rendering my walk an extremely delightful one. The Chine of Luccombe is similar to that of Shanklin, but rather more difficult of ascent; at the foot of the Chine there is a small cave, extending about fifty yards into the bosom of the cliff. Walking a short distance farther on, brought to my view a group of small cottages, perched on the ledges of the cliff, about half-way from the top; the ascent to them being winding and circuitous, was by no means difficult. I was immediately decided as to my choice of lodgings, provided it was possible to procure them; fortune favoured me; for, on application at one of the cottages, in which the inmates of the others had assembled, conversing and reading, and making known to them my difficulty of procuring lodgings at Shanklin, one of them immediately offered me the accommodation required, provided I would put up with the inconvenience, as she seemed to consider it, of their bedstead having no hangings; this, being what, in my opinion, is "more honoured in the breach than the observance," presented no obstacle, and the offer was gladly accepted. Every thing in my room was neat, clean, and comfortable: in a short time, at my request, tea was brought me; after partaking of which, I sat by the window, gazing on the romantic scenery around me, until the fair round moon had wended her way through cloudless skies, a goodly part of her night's journey.

The day had scarcely began to dawn, when I resumed my seat by the window, the huge Culvers on the left presented the appearance of an immense undefined mass, the rippling waves at the foot of the cliff were but faintly heard, while the herald of day began to give warning of the sun's approach. In a short time the eastern horizon was tinged with colours of a heavenly hue, which gradually gave place to others still more lovely; the glorious orb, like molten gold, burst, as it were, from the bosom of the ocean, and commenced its daily course, shedding its streams of loveliness and light along the calm expanse of waters. The fineness of the morning induced me to take an early stroll along the beach, towards Shanklin; and, while loitering immediately under the cliffs, my attention was arrested by two men at some little distance, who called to me to keep from the foot of the cliff. On coming up to them, they told me that about three in the morning a part of the cliff, which they pointed out, not far from where I had been standing, had fallen with a tremendous crash, and was still crumbling away.

I now commenced my day's walk towards Black Gang Chine, and, about a mile further along the beach, met one of the preventive service men, who, in reply to my questions, informed me, that I could continue my walk along the beach, but, that about a mile farther on, should have to ascend the cliff. I plodded upwards and onward, in the hope of my toilsome clambering soon being over, and my surprise and disappointment may be imagined when, on reaching what I had supposed to be the summit, an unexpected difficulty presented itself; there was still a short distance farther to ascend, which, although probably not more than three times my own height, was completely perpendicular, to attempt ascending

which would have been inconsistent, as, should my footing have once slipped, nothing could have saved me from being hurled to the bottom of the cliff. My situation was now a critical one, as to ascend was impossible, and to descend extremely difficult, if not dangerous. The awfulness of the scene around me beggars description; to my great alarm I found myself becoming dizzy, and clung to the brambles around me for support; in a few minutes I felt better, and determined on descending, to effect which in the best manner, I unfastened my valise from my back, and, hurling it forward, watched its boundings downward until it was lost to my sight; then, commencing my own descent, slowly and cautiously, at length safely reached the beach; when, on viewing the difficulties I had encountered, I could not but accuse myself of foolish temerity for having ventured upon them; my valise had found its way on to the beach; and, while searching for it, picked up a human rib-bone, which the tide had washed to the foot of the cliff, and which, no doubt, had formerly belonged to some fellow-creature who perished at sea. Quitting this perilous spot, I ascended by the Chine to the high road, and came to the delightful village of Bonchurch. This charming spot possesses the picturesque beauty of Switzerland, both as regards the scenery, and construction of the cottages; the peasantry also contributed their share to render the similitude striking, as their costume generally consisted of white or striped trousers, large straw hats, &c.

Nearly adjoining Bonchurch is the rapidly-improving village of Ventnor, which principally consists of modern houses and cottages, built in a peculiarly picturesque style, and commanding sublime and romantic views: immediately on leaving Ventnor, the Undercliffs commence, raising their towering heads, and extending in awful majesty as far as Black Gang Chine, a distance of nearly three miles, the road being at their base. The next object which attracted my notice was a small building, called St. Lawrence's Well, forming a kind of covered archway, from the wall or back of which, a spring of purely crystal water found its way to a huge basin, which discharged its overflowing contents into depths and darkness beneath. A short distance farther on the left, alongside the road, is St. Lawrence's Church, acknowledged to be the smallest in England; the interior is incapable of accommodating more than from twenty-five to thirty persons; and, during fine weather, it is customary with the congregation to sit in the church-yard, where they can distinctly hear the service. May not Swift's quaint and well-known lines *on a very little church* have been suggested by his reading of this Liliputian fabric! Among the epitaphs was one recording the death of a gentleman from the upsetting of his carriage while on a visit to the island with his daughter; to me it appears to contain rather an Hibernicism; it is as follows:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM JONES,
OF KENSINGTON GORE;
Who met his *untimely* death by an accident,
near this spot, on the 26th of August,
1826, in the 91*st* year
of his age.

The weather being very warm, I was desirous of resting myself a short time, nor was it long before a spot presented itself, offering every inducement to do so; a pathway on the right, leading by a gradual and easy winding ascent, brought me to a kind of grotto or rural harbour, with seats around it, the view from which was enchanting. On one side, the Undercliffs displayed their frowning fronts; while, on the other, immediately beneath, was the delightful verdure of the hills and valleys, extending themselves to the edge of huge precipitous rocks and cliffs girting the sea; having gazed on this fascinating scene for a considerable time, I descended to the road, and continued my walk, which now took a winding direction, approaching towards the sea, the Undercliffs being still immediately on the right, and presenting a more than formerly steep and rugged appearance. My attention was now directed to an object attached to the precipitous side of the cliff, a short distance from the top, which presented the appearance of a rude hut falling into decay. On inquiry, I found it to be a goat-herd's hut, and was further informed that it had been formerly occupied by a goat-herd, who, for several years, made it his home, and in it braved many dreadfully severe storms; his mode of reaching it was to clamber up the nearly precipitous sides of the cliff; whether he died there, she knew not, but believed otherwise: thanking my informant for her civility, I resumed my walk to Black Gang Chine, in comparison with which, those of Shanklin and Luccombe are insignificant; the descent towards the beach is effected by a steep and difficult foot-path, between huge massive rocks; in some parts the foot-path is so narrow as to exclude the view of every object besides the frowning rocks above, around, and beneath; having reached the beach, the scenery is awful and grand beyond description; rocks, hugely immense, meet the eye, extending themselves to the Needles, which are situated at the extremity of the island. Having remained on the beach collecting specimens of the various-coloured sand-rock, and admiring the sublime scenery around me, until evening began its approach, I returned by the high road to the village of Niton, where I slept.

On the following morning I resumed my walk towards Newport, in the centre of the island, through a most fertile country, abounding with fine, undulating scenery. Newport is by far the most populous town in the island, and appears to be very thriving. Along a pleasant road, about a mile from the town, is situated Carisbrook Castle, which was the residence, and afterwards the prison, of the

unfortunate Charles the First; the principal object of attraction is the window from which he endeavoured to escape, but was unsuccessful in the attempt; a shoemaker, named Rolf, being informed that the king intended thus to evade his enemies, laid in wait with a musket several nights that he might shoot him. What a contrast to the magnanimous conduct of the Penderells! Another curiosity shown to

The window from which Charles I. attempted to escape.]

visitors consists of a well, of a truly immense depth, the water from which is drawn up by a donkey, by means of an exceeding large wheel; it was somewhat ludicrous to see the little animal tramping along, and causing the wheel to revolve in a similar manner to a squirrel in a cage; it is said his predecessor in office held his situation upwards of forty years, this one has been here thirteen years. While strolling about the castle, I met with a party of travellers like myself, one of whom, a decided relic-hunter, prided himself much on having procured a nail from the wood-work of the before-mentioned window. Leaving the castle together, we were accosted by an ancient dame, who eagerly endeavoured to enlighten us as to certain matters connected with the castle. Among other things she shewed us what she called part of a thunderbolt which had struck the wall, and afterwards buried itself in the earth, which said thunderbolt was no other than a piece of iron ore; this story was, doubtless, as veracious as others she told us, but they served to excite a laugh, and to earn for her the trifling gratuity she sought. The churchyard of Carisbrook having latterly obtained some little notoriety, we visited it to view the cause, namely, a tombstone erected by a widow to the memory of her late husband, and which caused a litigation between her and the clergyman of the village, on account of its containing an inscription savouring strongly of Catholicism. After dining at Newport, and parting with my companions, I resolved on sailing down the Medina, from Newport to Cowes in a passage-boat, two or three of which are constantly plying between those places; and, on landing, strolled about East and West Cowes, for the river separates the two towns, West Cowes being by far the largest. [*To be continued.*]

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About 1580, the citizens of London petitioned Queen Elizabeth to suppress the playhouses. "And accordingly," so says Rawlidge, in his "Monster lately found out," printed in London, 1628, "all the play-houses within the city were pulled down, by order of Her Majesty and Council upon this petition, viz. one in Gracechurch-street, one in Bishop's-Gate-street, one near Paul's, one on Ludgate Hill, and one in Whitefriars."

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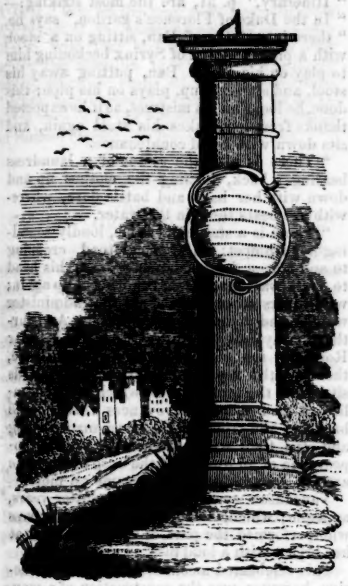
TRINITY COLLEGE HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

[*From the Cambridge Portfolio.*]

The Hall of Trinity College is a building in the style of architecture prevalent towards the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. Its length is just under 102 feet, its breadth 40 ft. 3 in., and height about 56 ft. Towards the upper end are two fine oriel windows, each 12 ft. 4 in. in depth, and beyond them the dais. Pictures of several of the great men that have from time to time belonged to the College, are hung round the walls, nor is the list unworthy of its fame. At the upper end are placed those of Newton, Bacon, and Barrow,—a triumvirate, to which it is not too much to say, no similar institution can shew a parallel. Among the many charms of an academic life, perhaps, the greatest is, that even the ordinary occupations of the day, derive an interest not their own, from the associations connected with them. The names of men, greatest in their generation, are, with us, "household words;" they have as it were been members of the same family, and in the scenes of family union, we still feel that there is a chain of successive links which connects us with them. But to return to our description—many of the compartments in the windows are embellished with the armorial bearings of the peers, spiritual and temporal, who have at different times been members of the College. It is much to be wished that a greater number had availed themselves of the privilege of having their arms placed there, as it would add greatly to the ornament of the Hall, were all the windows so decorated. The general effect of the interior is extremely good, and it may admit of question whether it is surpassed by any similar building in either University.*

* Among the other Colleges, King's has a Hall of exquisite beauty, copied from Crosby Hall. The Halls of Corpus, St. John's, Jesus, and Queen's, are also worthy of notice, especially the first.

The Hall of King's College is	102 ft. by 36 and 46 high.
The Hall of the middle temple	109 ft. by 40
The Hall of Christchurch	115 ft. by 40 and 50 high.
The Guildhall, London	153 ft. by 48 and 55 high.
The Hall of Lambeth Palace	93 ft. by 38 and 50 high.
Westminster Hall, according to Stow	270 ft. by 74, but another account gives 228 ft. by 66 and 90 high.
St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich	124 ft. long, 70 broad.
Crosby Hall	54 ft. by 27 and 40 high.
Greenwich Hospital	106 ft. by 56 and 50 high.
Haddon	42 ft by 29



MONUMENTAL SUN-DIAL.

In the garden of the vicarage-house of Borden, near Sittingbourne, in Kent, is a pedestal, surmounted by a sun-dial, and bearing on its eastern and western sides two tablets, on which are inscribed by his sorrowing owner the following acrostic epitaphs, to record the loss of a favourite watch-dog of the Newfoundland species, who died in September, 1839, in consequence of the rupture of a blood-vessel.

N o light unthinking fondness, such as oft
E ushrines in pomp th' unworthiest of their line,
P rompted the tender thought, which here found words
T o tell of him we valued; one, whose form
U nder this turf is mingled with the dust,
N o more to *live*;—but whose recorded name,
E ndear'd to all, reminds us how to *love*.

N ear to this time-record ng pillar's base
E ntomb'd, and, as became his merits, mourn'd—
P oor Neppy lies! the generous and the fond.—
T he brave and vigilant,—in whose nature shone,
U nited, all the virtues of his race:
N or grudg'd be this memorial, if its truth
E nforce the charge, "Be faithful unto death."

Obiit, Sep. 9, 1839.
Anno ætatis decimo.
Η φιλος κυων!

COMMENDATIONS OF YORKSHIRE.

The following description of Yorkshire is extracted from an old manuscript, dated 1731:—Upon the middle of Beamham Moor, a man may see ten miles round him. Within those ten miles, there is as much freestone as would build ten cities as large as York, and York is supposed to be as large as London within the walls. Within those ten miles there is as much good oak timber as will build those ten cities: there is as much limestone, and coals to burn it into lime, as would suffice to furnish mortar to build those ten cities. Within those ten miles are two iron forges, sufficient to furnish iron to build those ten cities, and ten thousand tons to spare. Within those ten miles there is lead sufficient to furnish lead to build those ten cities, and ten thousand fodder to spare. Within those ten miles there is a good coal-seam, sufficient to furnish those ten cities with firing for ten thousand years. Within those ten miles there are three navigable rivers, the Ouse, the Ware, and the Wause; at the foot of which a man may take shipping, and sail to any part of the world. Within those ten miles there are seventy gentleman's houses, all keeping coaches, and the least of them an Esquire; and ten parks, and forests well stocked with deer. Within those ten miles there are ten market-towns, one of which may be supposed to return ten thousand pounds per week. W. G. C.

OLD AGE MADE HAPPY.

The ties of parental love are peculiarly sacred among the French peasantry. When an aged parent beholds the prospects of life closing dimly on his view, he endeavours to catch one parting ray from its sinking sun by an act which rallies all the best feelings of humanity to the heart. He gives up his all to his children, and throws himself on their generosity and gratitude for future comfort, maintenance, and support. He thus affords them an opportunity of repaying the cares he lavished on their helpless state, by consigning his feebleness to their protection; and, as he is led from the cottage of one child to that of another, his arrival and departure awakens all that yet remains vital in the heart of the old sire, and renews emotions which usually slumber or die in the independent selfishness by which the egotism of age excludes itself from gratuitous kindness.

This imprudent but benevolent custom of an affectionate people is seldom ill-requited, and splendid examples of filial devotion and of filial gratitude are of every-day occurrence. O! blessed be the roof which shelters the aged parent's head from the rough shocks of time and of adversity, beneath whose shade love repays all that love bestowed;—"where the cradle of reposing age is gently rocked by filial hands, and where the last look of life falls on objects which render even its last moments precious."

VAUCANSON,

THE CELEBRATED MECHANICIAN AND CONSTRUCTOR OF AUTOMATA.

We are always anxious to know what circumstances gave rise to predilections in eminent persons. Vaucanson, when a young man, had his attention first drawn to mechanics by observing, through the chinks, the working of a clock in a neighbouring room. Although he saw only a part of the works, and that imperfectly, yet he managed to draw an outline of them with tolerable accuracy, and understood all the process of the play of the wheels upon one another, with the exception, however, of the escapement. This difficulty he was, by dint of study, in a short time, able to solve, and from the moment of his success, his whole attention was turned to mechanism. He first of all made a clock of wood, but from the coarse and awkward description of tools he was obliged to use, the wheels in many parts were deficient, and the whole of the works played in rather a clumsy manner; nevertheless, the clock was tolerably correct; and, on the whole, a work worthy of admiration, from a young man untaught in the art, and whose whole resources were drawn from his own imperfect observations. A few months after, he constructed some wooden angels, which moved their wings, and a few priests, which performed some of the less complicated ecclesiastical ceremonies. These curious little automata excited a good deal of wonder, and, although disproportioned in many of their limbs, were looked upon as performances partaking, in no small degree, of the marvellous.

Vaucanson, however, saw with concern, his deficiency in anatomical knowledge; and with a strong resolution to conquer all difficulties, he applied himself to its study, and pursued it for several years with perseverance. At length, feeling himself to be on sure ground, he began, once more, to turn his attention to automata, and having minutely examined the flute-player of the Tuilleries, he determined to construct one on similar principles, and which should perform a number of favourite airs. Without hesitation then, and with confidence, without corrections, and satisfied with his own resources, he succeeded to the height of his expectations. At the first sound it produced, Vaucanson's servant flew into his master's arms, and for some time they thus held each other, both in tears.

To this automaton succeeded another, which performed on two instruments at the pleasure of any party, who chose to give it one of them: and at last was produced, certainly the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever constructed by Vaucanson, or, indeed, any man: viz., two ducks, which not only picked up their corn from a trough, but actually digested, and voided it, like the living bird. Many extraordinary automata have been shown to the world, but none that ever digested food!

Among the instances I have been able to collect, those mentioned by Morrison, in his "Itinerary," p. 31, are the most striking:—"In the Duke of Florence's garden," says he, "there is a statue of Pan, sitting on a stool, with a pipe, and that of Syrinx beckoning him to play on his pipe. Pan, putting away his stool, and standing up, plays on his pipe; this done, he looks on his mistress, as if he expected thanks from her, takes his stool again, and sits down with a sad countenance.

"There is also the statue of a laundress beating a buck, turning the clothes up and down with her hand and battle-dore, wherewith she beats them in the water.

"There is a statue of Fame, loudly sounding her trumpet; an artificial toad, creeping to and fro; a dragon bowing down his head to drink water, and then vomiting it up again; with divers other pieces of art that administer wonder and delight to beholders." And further he says, at page 602, "At Tivoli, near Rome, in the gardens of Hippolitus d'Este, there are the representations of sundry birds sitting on the tops of trees, which, by hydraulic art, and secret conveyances through the branches and trunks of trees, are made to sing and clap their wings, but at the sudden appearance of an owl out of the bush of the same artifice, they immediately become all mute."

Vaucanson constructed in his latter years, an aspic; which, being touched by the actress who performed the part of Cleopatra, flew at her breast with a loud hiss.

This celebrated mechanician's favourite design, however, was the construction of a man, with all the arteries and veins, through which a fluid was to flow, and perform all the functions blood performs in the human frame. Louis XV. promised Vaucanson his support, and undertook to provide him with all means and opportunities to prosecute his wonderful design; but the king's dilatoriness and scanty encouragement disgusted him, and he died, partly of disappointment, and partly of old age, in the year 1780, having been born in the year 1709.

H. M.

FATAL MASQUERADE.

In the year one thousand three hundred and eighty-eight, at the court of France, Charles the Sixth, who was then young and handsome, and five young noblemen, appeared like savage men, clothed in robes of linen, exactly fitted to their bodies, covered from head to foot with a representation of long hair, made of linen threads, fixed to their linen robes with pitch. A flambeau accidently set fire to the counterfeit hair of one of these seeming savages, and in a moment, five of them who were near each other, were in flames; four of them were burned to death, and one preserved his life by throwing himself into a large vessel full of water, which happened to be near; the king was saved by being fortunately at a little distance.

A PUZZLE FOR THE ANTIQUARY.

A SMALL Inn on the road side, near Bishop's Auckland, of the same aspect and accommodation, with that sort of halting-place with which the traveller in France so frequently meets, when he reads under the sign-board "Ici on loge á pied et à cheval," has for many years hung out the following *invite*, painted in Roman capitals in front of the house.

PLACET ORE
STAT ORDINE:
ORE STABIT
ORE AT ABIT!

The Latin scholar would immediately infer that the host wished by these concise and most learned terms of speech to philosophize on the good cheer his kitchen might place before the wayside guest, of which in all likelihood the appetite would regale till the surfeited stomach sickened; as the literal translation would be

It is found palatable to the taste;
The dish is on table:
The mouth will relish it; it is provision to suit it;
But it may, also, find its way out as it came in.

But, as Macbeth said to "the air-drawn dagger,"—"There's no such thing."

Our learned reader will start to be told that this Latin inscription is no Latin at all, at all! The whole is a composition by some Durham wag, who persuaded the landlord to exhibit the above classical inscription as an inducement to make travellers pull up, and possibly walk in to ask questions, and then, probably ask for a "bit of summat" more substantial. Such, in fact, is the language of this mysterious writing on the wall. If the letters be arranged in a little less capricious order, we shall decipher the whole as follows:—

PLACE TO RE
ST AT, OR DINE:
O REST A BIT,
OR EAT A BIT!

This reminds us of the joke in Scott's "Antiquary," who pronounced the four letters, A. D. L. L. on a stone post, to be an inscription recording a dedication and sacrifice made by Agricola, Roman Governor of Britain, Anno Domini 80. The old antiquary strictly maintaining that the said letters signified "Agricola dicavit, libens, lubens," till a rustic came forward to declare it to be the stone which stood once close to the spring, for the more convenient drinking of whose water, one Aikin Drew presented the village with a large iron ladle, such as we still see chained to pumps, and the four letters were decidedly pronounced to stand for AIKIN DREW'S LONG LADLE! (MU.)

The Naturalist.

FIRST DISCOVERY OF THE CAUSES OF LUSTRE IN SEA-WATER.

Omnia plena Jovis—even the drops of water sparkle with Deity.

Many of the old philosophers imagined that the luminousness of the sea-water, in the night-season, was occasioned by some electric matter. "The surface of the sea," said they, "having been exposed all the summer to the impulse and action of the solar rays, when it begins to be agitated by the autumnal winds, throws out luminous sparks, perfectly similar to those which issue from electrized bodies."

Such was the nature of the old creed; but the remarks of a private individual and contemplatist, one fine summer night, gave birth to new investigations, which were productive of new truths.

The splendour of the sea-water during the night, had long been to him a subject of admiration, particularly in the neighbourhood of the town of Chioggia. At first sight, so dazzling was the effect, he could not help imagining that the brilliant images of the fixed stars were reflected by the sea; and when the sea was agitated by the winds, or pierced by the strokes of oars, the brightness became more vivid and copious, especially in places abounding with the *alga marina*, or sea-weed. This beautiful phenomenon, which continued in those parts from the beginning of summer till autumn, had often engaged his attention, and at length excited in him an earnest desire to discover the true cause of it.

One fine summer night, he walked out upon the sea-shore, and after having observed this shining water for some time, he took a vessel full of it home with him. He placed it in a dark room, and observed, that as often as he disturbed and agitated the water with his hand, a very bright light issued from it.

He then passed the water through a very close-woven linen cloth, to try if it would still retain its splendour after such a percolation; but notwithstanding that he shook and agitated it in the most violent manner, he could not excite the least luminousness in it. The linen cloth, however, afforded the most charming spectacle imaginable; it was covered with an infinity of lucid particles; a proof that the water owed its splendour to certain heterogeneous shining corpuscles, copiously disseminated through it. These corpuscles were also very numerous upon the leaves of the *alga*; from some leaves he shook off thirty, at least.

To the naked eye, they appeared smaller than the finest hairs; their colour was of a deep yellow, and their substance delicate beyond imagination; but, having a mind to examine them more curiously, he furnished himself with a good microscope, and soon convinced himself that these luminous atoms were really living animals of a very singular struc-

ture, and from the brightness of their lustre, he thought himself authorized to call them *marine glow-worms.*

Omnia plena Jovis—even the drops of water sparkle with Deity.

On closer examination, he found these little animals to be composed of eleven articulations, or annuli, a number which, according to the celebrated Malpighi, is peculiar to the whole vermicular race. Upon these annuli, and near the belly of the animal, were a sort of small fins, or wings, which seemed to be the instruments of its motion. It had also two small horns issuing from the fore-part of its head, and its tail is cleft in two.

From a subsequent part of his experiments, he no longer wondered that mariners and fishermen foretold a storm, or change of weather, upon seeing the sea and lakes shine in an unusual manner; for, at such times it is, that these little animals are more agitated and disturbed than common. For it was remarkable that these little creatures did not emit the least light, so long as they were still and motionless, but the parts of their little bodies were no sooner moved and agitated, than they began to sparkle with a very extraordinary lustre. From hence, it was evident, that their shining depended on their motion, and was excited by a strong vibration of the constituent parts of their bodies, since the luminous effusions, or coruscations, appeared to be exactly proportionable to the briskness and vigour of their motions.

Omnia plena Jovis—even the drops of water sparkle with Deity.

Arts and Manufactures.

POINTS UPON POTTERY.

The formation of earthen vessels, capable of containing fluid substances, is an art of the very highest antiquity. At first, the hard shells of gourds, the larger kind of nuts, sufficed; then the skins of animals, to hold their liquids; next, hollow bowls of wood; but last, the manufacture of earthen substances, which were able, without being consumed by fire, to cook provisions, boil water, &c.

Wrecks of old Potteries.—It is doubtful whether the fashioning and hardening of clay was first practised by the brick-maker or potter. Bricks, we know, were burned, and used at Babel, six hundred years prior to the captivity of the Israelites. Many centuries later, the Romans manufactured bricks with great perfection; but, though certain that the potter's art was considerable at Rome, no specimens have come down to us. We learn, however, from Vitruvius, who wrote in the Augustan age, that the Romans made their water-pipes of potter's clay, and established potteries in England. Some of these, about a century ago, were dug up in Hyde Park. They were found to be two inches in thickness, and were firmly jointed together with common mortar, mixed with oil. Little figures, covered with a fine deep-blue glaze, which are found deposited with Egyptian mummies, cause it to appear that porcelain was made in Egypt in very ancient times.

Complete Submergement of a Pottery Island.—Vestiges of Roman potteries are discernible in many parts of our island, especially Staffordshire. Governor Pownall relates, that in his time, [1778] the men employed in fishing at the back of the Margate Sands, in the Queen's Channel, frequently drew up in their nets, some coarse and rudely-formed earthen-vessels. It was for some time believed that a Roman trading vessel, freighted with pottery, had been wrecked here; but, on more particularly examining the spot, called by the fishermen, Pudding-pan Sand, some Roman bricks were also discovered, cemented together, so as to prove that they had formed part of some building. Further researches showed, that in Ptolemy's second book of geography, an island was designated as existing in the immediate vicinity. Such pans as were recovered in a sound state, were of coarse materials, and rude workmanship—many having very neatly impressed upon them, the name of *Attilianus*; fragments of a finer and more fragile description of pottery were likewise brought to the surface; and little doubt remains, that during the time of the Roman ascendancy in England, a pottery was established here, upon an island which has long since disappeared; and that the person, whose name has been thus singularly preserved, was engaged in its management.

Origin of the word Porcelain, or fine pottery.—The Portuguese, who were the means of introducing the fine earthen-wares of China into Europe, derive it from the Portuguese *porcellana*, which signifies *a cup*; but some derive it from *porcella*, latin for *a little pig*, because the glazing or varnish, and colours of porcelain, resemble the shells used in some parts of the East, instead of money, (couries) and which, from the similarity of their shape to that of the back of a little pig, were so called.

Porcelain, an Ænigma, or the Wisdom of the Wise!—It was long believed, on the authority of Cardan, and the elder Scaliger—who, although violently opposed to each other on various and more important subjects, yet agreed in this—that porcelain was made from a mixture of broken egg and sea shells, which were preparatively buried in the earth for nearly a hundred years. The Jesuit, Francis Xavier D'Entrecolles, in the eighteenth century, having clandestinely stolen some vases from China, they were analysed chemically by Reaumur, and their component parts exactly ascertained; from that period, France rose in the manufacture of its porcelains wonderfully, and the works of Sèvres were under royal patronage.

Durability of the Chinese Porcelain.—The Porcelain Tower erected at Nankin, offers

proof sufficient of the very durable nature of their manufacture. The building is of an octagonal shape, of nine stories, and very nearly three hundred feet high, and its entire surface is covered with porcelain of the finest quality. Although this singular and beautiful edifice has been erected more than four hundred years, it has hitherto withstood all the alternations of the seasons, and every variety of weather, without exhibiting the smallest symptoms of deterioration.

The Porcelain shows of the Chinese Palace at Dresden.—"The vaults of this palace," says Mr. Jonas Hanway, in his account of his travels, published in 1753, "consist of fourteen apartments, filled with Chinese and Dresden porcelain. One would imagine there was sufficient to stock a whole country; and yet they say, with an air of importance, that a hundred thousand pieces more are wanted to complete the intention of furnishing this single palace.

"There are a great number of porcelain figures of wolves, bears, leopards, &c., some of them as big as life—a prodigious variety of birds, and a curious collection of different flowers. A clock is preparing for the gallery, whose bells are also to be of porcelain; I heard one of them proved, and think they are sufficient to form any music; but the hammers must be of wood.

"There are forty-eight large China vases, which appear to be of no use, nor any way extraordinary, except for their great size; and yet his Polish majesty purchased them of the late king of Prussia, at the price of a whole regiment of Dragoons."

Our greatest potteries are in Staffordshire, particularly that part on the borders of Cheshire; and the greatest improver of the art, is the celebrated Josiah Wedgwood.

The history of the introduction of stoneware into our manufactories, by the adoption of calcined flint into its composition, is curious. —"While travelling to London on horseback, in the year 1720, the assiduous Astbury had occasion, at Dunstable, to seek a remedy for a disorder in his horse's eyes; when the ostler at the inn, by burning a flint, reduced it to a fine powder, which he blew into them. The potter, observing the beautiful white colour of the flint, after calcination, instantly conceived the use to which it might be applied in his art."*

There is an old Grecian legend which says, that a beautiful girl of Greece, marked upon the walls of her apartment, the profile or likeness of her lover, from his shadow as he lingered by the door of her vestibule. This portraiture, to please his Glycery or Diana, her good father, covered in the night-time with moist clay, and so took the impression; the next day he baked it, and the young gentleman's likeness was thereby delivered to her in imperishable *terra cotta*.

* Parke's Chemical Catechism, p. 126.

New Books.

The Comic Latin Grammar. [Tilt.]

"Qui mihi discipulus puer es, cupis atque doceri
Huc ades, hæc animo concipe dicta tuo."

Never, perhaps, has the above address and exhortation been so likely to be attended to and complied with, as it would be, if prefixed to the budget of fun and frolicksome humour, now lying before us. We have, when boys, seen the "Carmina Pædagogica," of the venerable Lilly placed over a mantle-piece, too lofty for the exercise of our destructive organs. Embrowned with age, dust, and smoke, there have they been suspended; and while we have been compelled to read and translate them by the aid of light transmitted through small, quarrel-shaped panes of glass, scarcely more transparent than a wine-bottle of the present day, and rendered yet more gloomy by the massive mullions of a window really Elizabethan, we have regarded them with the greater detestation, inasmuch as they formed a portion of that book (the Latin grammar), which was at once the source of all our boyish sorrows and affliction. Happier, indeed, than we were, are the present generation in embryo; for while we *old boys*, still instinctively venerate the memories of those praiseworthy individuals, Cock Robin and King Pippin, and are satisfied with the modicum of learning which our times enabled us to obtain, the paths of the present tyro are made smooth to the temple of science, and he can at once enter into the groves of Academus, accompanied by fellows as pleasant as Punch, and equally facetious as honest Joe Miller. But we must not detain our readers from the feast before us; but, boy-like, pick here and there a morsel or two from the various piquant dishes, which profusely cover the table, merely premising, that the Comic Latin Grammar is an admirably droll, yet useful burlesque of that commonly known, as used, at Eton. After a laughable description of articles, parts of speech, &c., we are told with regard to nouns and their genders that "after all, there is no rule in the Latin language about gender so comprehensive as that observed in Hampshire, where they call every-thing *he* except a *tom-cat*, and that *she*." The difference of unus and alius, say the London commentators, like that of a humming-top from a peg-top, consists in the *um*. N. B. Tu es unus alius, is not good Latin for "you're another," a phrase more elegantly expressed by "tu quoque."

A verb is the chief word in every sentence, as, *Suspendatur* per collum, let him be hanged by the neck, and expresses the action or being of a thing, as, Tu *es* stultus, thou art a fool; Non hic, amice, *pernoctas*, you don't lodge here, Mr. Ferguson.

The gerunds are introduced to us, to the tune of "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

"The gerunds of verbs end in di, do, and dum,
But the supines of verbs are but two;
For instance, the active, which endeth in um,
And the passive, which endeth in u.'

Amandi, of loving, kind reader, beware:
Amando, in loving, be brief;
Amandum, to love, if you're doomed, have a care,
In the goblet to drown all your grief.

Amatum, Amatu, to love, and be loved,
Should it be your felicitous (?) lot,
May the fuel so needful be never removed
Which serves to keep boiling the pot."

And the participles have arrived, we presume, from the Highlands of Scotland, with their piper at their head, playing the "Bonnets of Blue."

There's one of the present,—and then,
There's one of the future in *rus*;
Of the tense preterperfect a third,—and again,
A fourth of the future in *dus*.

The rules for the genders of nouns known by the name of "Propria quæ maribus," and which were composed as long back as the days of the bluff King Hal. by W. Lilly, the first master of St. Paul's School, are, by the waggish author, adapted to the air, "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen."

All nouns of the male kind you masculine call,
Ut sunt, (for example,) divorum,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, the deities all,
And Cato, Virgilius, virorum.
Latin's a bore, and bother's me sore,
Oh how I wish my lesson was o'er, &c.

But it is in the syntax that "the mirth and fun grow fast and furious," e. g.—Qu. What part of the grammar resembles the indulgences sold in the middle ages! Ans. *Sin*-tax.

The nominative case of pronouns is seldom expressed, unless, etc., as

"*Tu* es exquisitus, *tu* es."
You're a nice young man, you are.

The relative and the antecedent hit it off very well together, they agree, etc., as

Qui plenos haurit cyathos, madidusque quiescit,
Ille bonam degit vitam, moriturque facetus.
"He who drinks plenty, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, and dies a jolly fellow."

Adjectives by which advantage, disadvantage, etc., is signified, require a dative case, as

Astaci incocti patriæ idonei sunt in pace; cocti autem in bello.
Raw lobsters are serviceable to their country in peace, but boiled ones in war.

Dignus, indignus, præditus, captus, etc., require an ablative case; as

Leander dignus erat meliore fato.
Leander was worthy of a better fate.

Poor fellow! first to be head over ears in love, and then over head and ears in the sea! What an *heroic* young man he must have been. What a *duck*, too, the fair Hero must have thought him, as she watched him from her lonely tower, nearing her every moment, as he cleft with lusty arms the foaming herring-pond—we mean the Hellespont—but no matter. What a *goose* he must have been considered by any one else who happened to know of his nightly exploits! How miserably he was *gulled* at last! Never mind. If Leander went to the *fishes* for love, many a better man than he has, before and since, gone, from the same cause, to the *dogs*.

A noun of price is put after some words in the ablative case, as

Ovidius solidis duobus fibulas siphonem ascendere fecit.
Ovid pawned his buckles for two shillings.

The *sipho* was a tube, pipe, or spout projecting from the shops of pawnbrokers, of whom there is every reason to believe that there was a great many in ancient Rome.

Mereor, to deserve, with these adverbs, bene, satis, male, etc., is joined to an ablative with the preposition de, as

De libitinario medicus bene meretur.
The doctor deserves well of the undertaker.

Notwithstanding it might at first sight appear, that the Doctor, in *furnishing funerals* invades the undertaker's province.

Dum, for dummodo, so that, etc. requires a subjunctive mood, as

Dum felix sis, quid refert?
What's the odds, so long as you're happy.

We have extracted the foregoing specimens, in order that our readers may form some notion of the Comic Latin Grammar, but nothing short of possessing the volume can afford an adequate idea of the talent and humour displayed, both in the letter-press and illustrations. It is truly a mirth-inspiring little tome, which cannot be read by the classical scholar without filling him with the deepest sensations of gratified vengeance at perceiving the old remorseless, Etonian tormentor, stripped of all his solemn, stiff-looking attire, and dressed in a garb which must set all laughing around him. Often have we found him the cause of trouble and anxiety; nay, we have been even flogged on his account. Shall we not then rejoice at finding it to be indeed a truism, that

"Raro *scelestum* deseruit pœna."

(*For the Mirror.*)

One of the most remarkable anagrams on record, being so singularly coincident in point of time, and so strikingly allusive to the probable result of the fate awaiting the unfortunate monarch who, at the instant, transposed the letters of his name and title, is thus related by Sir James Balfour, in his "Annals of Scotland."

"The day before his execution, Charles the First, looking at his own picture, over which was written 'Carolus Rex,' observed that this anagram of his name was presently come into his thoughts, namely, '*cras ero lux*,' 'which,' added he, in that spirit of piety which was his comfort and support in all his distresses, '*I hope*, through the mercy of my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, before the morrow at this time, shall be assuredly verified in me, a miserable sinner.' This anecdote carries internal evidence of its truth."

J. H. J.

DON VINCENTE;

OR, INTEMPERATE CHARITY.

An extraordinary trial took place, not long ago, before the criminal court of Grenada. For some years past, there has been residing in the village of Ugijar, a charitable individual, named Don Vincente de Bentaval-y-Sazar, whose whole fortune was devoted to improving the condition of the villagers, and relieving the poor. To such an extent did Don Vincente carry his charity, that he denied himself almost the necessaries of life, in order to succour the necessitous, and he had been known to take the cloak from his own back, to cover that of a poor female who was without one. Suddenly, the peaceful inhabitants of this village were alarmed at accounts of murders committed in their neighbourhood, and all attempts to discover their origin were vain. It was merely known, from the circumstances attending them, that they must have been committed by the same hand. Suddenly, however, the mystery was to be revealed. Two peasants, who had entered a recess to shelter themselves from the sun, and eat their midday meal, were startled by the firing of a gun, and running out, they saw the body of a murdered man, and the murderer standing over him, rifling his pocket. They threw themselves upon the assassin, and having secured him, were in the greatest astonishment at seeing that it was the charitable Don Vincente. As the denial of the crime before him was impossible, he admitted that he was the author of all the murders which had been committed, and stated that his only wish was to obtain money, his own resources being exhausted, for the poor. In his defence before the judges, he declared that his first murder, that of a wealthy priest, took place under the following circumstances.

In Don Vincente's village, two young persons were betrothed to each other, but a sudden calamity which occurred to the father of the female, prevented his paying the promised portion with his daughter, and the marriage was on the point of being broken off. Don Vincente, hearing of the circumstance, resolved to raise the money, and applied to several of his acquaintances for a loan, but received a refusal from all. Shortly afterwards, he met the priest on his road, and asked him to lend him thirty ounces of gold; the priest, who knew him well, replied that he had a hundred ounces in his portmanteau, on the back of his mule, and that he was welcome to it all; but, Don Vincente having afterwards, in his joy, told him for what purpose the money was intended, the priest laughed at him, and said he was mad, and that for such a purpose he should not have a single ounce. Don Vincente, irritated at this, shot him dead; and, having taken his gold, gave the wedding dowry, and distributed the rest in various acts of charity. Having committed this murder, he resolved to make the robbery of the rich, the means of making the continual demands of his poor pensioners; and, as this was only to be done by taking life, he committed murder after murder, until he was detected. On hearing the sentence of death pronounced upon him by his judges, he exclaimed, "Oh, my God! who will now take care of my poor?"—*Galignani.*

DUCKS AND THEIR VARIETIES.

Mr. Commissioner Tufnell, visiting certain poor-houses in his district, was induced to make special inquiry into the effective state and discipline of the school in M—— Union, county of Kent. In pursuance of his investigation, he requested the master to call up the highest class of boys, and to put them on in a chapter of the New Testament, with a view of ascertaining the proficiency of the pupils, the capacity for tuition in their instructor, and the merits of the system on which they had been taught. The chapter which happened to be chosen on this occasion was the 8th of the Gospel according to St. Mark. The third boy in the class having completed the third verse, which states, that several of the multitude, who had followed our Lord into the wilderness had travelled a considerable distance from their homes—"for *divers* of them came from far,"—the Commissioner asked the young reader what he understood by the word "divers." No reply forthcoming, the question passed on to the next, and so on till it had been referred to five, when the fifth hazarded an opinion, that it signified some of the people were *dying* of hunger. This notion, however, was instantly repudiated by the lad next below him, who with much earnestness and alacrity, as if exulting in his turn having arrived to set the whole class right and gain five places in precedency, exclaimed, "They be a odd sort of *ducks*, as goes clean down to the bottom of the pond!"

ORIGIN OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS IN LONDON.

To rescue the practice of physic out of the ignoble and unworthy hands by which it had anciently been disgraced, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the Institution of the Royal College of Physicians in London was instituted. To this college Henry granted the rights, powers, and privileges, annually to elect a president to purchase lands to a certain amount; to sue and be sued at Law in the name of "The President and Community of the College of Physicians in London;" and to make laws and regulations, for the good government of the college. He granted them a power to practice in London, and seven miles round; and prohibited all who had not that licence, upon the penalty of five pounds for every month they practised. Four of their number were also appointed to superintend

and to discover all irregular practicers, and to punish them by fines, imprisonments, or other reasonable penalties. These had, likewise, authority to visit all the shops of the apothecaries, and to examine their medicines, as often as they deemed it proper. And the members of the college and all their licentiates, were exempted from carrying arms, or serving upon juries. This Institution was intended for the salutary purpose of raising the reputation of the medical profession, and to prevent the common people from being imposed upon by bold and iguorant adventurers, who sported with their lives, and robbed them of their property.

The Gatherer.

The Human Tongue.—By the use of the tongue, God hath distinguished us from beasts: and by the well or ill using of it, we are distinguished from one another: and, therefore, though silence be innocent as death, harmless as a rose's breath to a distant passenger, yet it is rather the state of death than life: and, therefore, when the Egyptians sacrificed to Harpocrate, their God of Silence, in the midst of their rites, they cried out, "*The tongue is an angel: good or bad, that is as it happens.*"—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Study gives strength to the mind: conversation, grace. The first is apt to give stiffness, the other suppleness.—*Sir W. Temple.*

Drummond, of Hawthornden, "kept books, *in which he noted down the verses of other men, as well as his own.*"—*Cunningham's Life of Drummond.*

Instantaneous means of stopping the bleeding from Leech-bites.—Apply a bit of lunar caustic (such as we stick into a quill to rub warts,) to the bleeding orifice, and the hemorrhage ceases directly, without any pain from the remedy.

Use of the Toes.—The natives of Australia have a power of manipulating with their toes, so as to do many things surprising to men who wear shoes. This power they acquire chiefly by ascending trees from their infancy—their mode of climbing depending as much on the toes as on the fingers. With the toes, they gather fresh-water muscles from the muddy bottoms of rivers or lagoons, and the heaps of these shells beside their old fire-places, which are numerous along the banks, shew that this shell-fish is the daily food of, at least, the women and children. In their attempts to steal, their feet are much employed. They will tread softly on any article, seize it with the toes, and pass it up the back, or between the arm and side, so as to conceal it in the armpit, or between the beard and throat.—*Australian Chronicle.*

El Guaco.—This plant is worn round the legs or ankles by persons in the Indian woods, to prevent the bite of a snake.

In the year 1821, there were 114 executions in England and Wales. In 1828, the number was reduced to 59; in 1836, to 17; and in 1838, it was only 6.

Swift-footed Indians.—The Indian runners are more fleet of foot than the horses. One man has been known to go fifty miles, and to bring back an answer in twenty-four hours.

The late St. James's theatre has been renamed the Prince's theatre.

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge.—*Wordsworth.*

Nothing is Lost.—The drop of water which is spilt, the fragment of wood which is burnt, the plant which rots on the ground, all that seemingly perishes and is forgotten, equally seeks the atmosphere; and all are preserved, and thence daily returned for use.—*M'Culloch.*

Human skeletons have been found bricked up in the walls of an old house, removing for the Shannon improvement in Athlone.

Society of Antiquaries.—Feb. 20.—Mr. J. O. Halliwell presented a copy of a pen-and-ink drawing from the back of a letter in Dulwich College, and supposed to be a portrait of Shakspeare by Henslow, to whom the letter is addressed. In the collection are several others of the same kind, also supposed to be contemporary likenesses.

At a recent meeting of the Linnæan Society, there was read a note by P. J. Quekett, Esq., on a concrete volatile oil, obtained from the cedar wood, which solidifies at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, and is deposited in minute crystals, possessing a highly aromatic odour. This substance renders cedar-wood highly objectionable in the formation of entomological cabinets, from its becoming abundantly deposited on the contents, and with great difficulty removed. The substance is closely allied to camphor.

The "baker," like the bee, is thought none the less industrious for "singing at his *flowery* work."

The once celebrated George Selwyn, was not only delighted in talking of, but in witnessing scenes which most people would have shrunk from. When his friend Lord Holland was on his death-bed, Selwyn called to enquire how he was, and left his card. This was taken to Lord Holland, who said, "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, I shall be glad to see him; and if I be dead, I am sure he will be glad to see me."—*Walpole's Letters.*

The post of Keeper to the Royal Academy, vacated by the recent decease of Mr. Hilton, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. S. Jones. Mr. W. D. Kennedy, too, has been recently nominated travelling student.

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